TWO
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Earl of *BURLINGTON*;

The Other, to a

LADY.

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AN EPISTLE TO THE Right Honourable THE Earl of *BURLINGTON.*

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AN EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of *BURLINGTON.*

A Journey to Exeter.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid ſtately Piles aſcend,
Or in your *Chiſwick* Bow'rs enjoy your Friend;
Where *Pope* unloads the Boughs within his reach,
The purple Vine, blue Plumb, and bluſhing Peach;

I journey

I journey far.—You knew fat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, ſent me forth your truſty Squire.

'Twas on the Day that City Dames repair,
To take their weekly doſe of *Hide-Park* Air;
When forth we trot: no Carts the Road infeſt,
For ſtill on *Sunday's* Country Horſes reſt.
Thy Gardens, *Kenſington*, we leave unſeen;
Through *Hammerſmith* jog on to *Turnham-green*:
That *Turnham-green*, which dainty Pidgeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * *Solomon* is dead.
Three duſty Miles reach *Brandford's* tedious Town,
For dirty Streets, and white leg'd Chickens known:
Thence

* A Man, lately famous for feeding Pidgeons at *Turnham-green*.

Thence o'er wide ſhrubby Heaths, and furrow'd Lanes;

We come, where *Thames* divides the Meads of Staines.

We ferry'd o'er; for late the Winter's Flood

Shook her frail Bridge, and tore her Piles of Wood.

Prepar'd for War, now *Bagſhot-Heath* we croſs,

Where broken Gameſters oft' repair their loſs.

At *Hartley-Row* the foaming Bit we preſt,

While the fat Landlord welcom'd ev'ry Gueſt.

Supper was ended, Healths the Glaſſes crown'd,

Our Hoſt extoll'd his Wine at ev'ry round,

Relates the Juſtices late meeting there,

How many Bottles drank, and what their Cheer;

What

What Lords had been his Guests in days of yore,
(more.
And prais'd their Wisdom much, their Drinking

Let Travellers the Morning Vigils keep:
The Morning rose; but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious Miles we bore the sultry Sun,
And *Popham-Lane* was scarce in sight by One:
The stragling Village harbour'd Thieves of old,
(Gold;
'Twas here the Stage-coach'd Lass resign'd her

That Gold which had in *London* purchas'd Gowns,
And sent her home a *Belle* to Country Towns.

(Wood:
But Robbers haunt no more the neighbouring

Here unown'd Infants find their daily Food;

For

For ſhould the maiden Mother nurſe her Son,
'Twould ſpoil her Match when her good Name is gone.
Our jolly Hoſteſs nineteen Children bore,
Nor fail'd her Breaſt to ſuckle nineteen more.
Be juſt, ye Prudes, wipe off the long Arrear;
Be Virgins ſtill in Town, but Mothers here.
Sutton we paſs, and leave her ſpacious Down,
And with the ſetting Sun reach *Stockbridge* Town.
O'er our parch'd Tongue the rich Metheglin glides,
And the red dainty Trout our Knife divides.
Sad Melancholy ev'ry Viſage wears;
What, no Election come in ſeven long Years!

Of

Of all our Race of Mayors, ſhall *Snow* alone,
Be by Sir *Richard*'s Dedication known?
Our Streets no more with tides of Ale ſhall float,
Nor Coblers feaſt three Years upon one Vote.

Next morn, twelve Miles led o'er th' unbound-
ed Plain,
Where the cloak'd Shepherd guides his fleecy train,
No leafy Bow'rs a Noonday ſhelter lend,
Nor from the chilly Dews at Night defend;
With wond'rous art, he counts the ſtragling Flock,
And by the Sun informs your what's a Clock.
How are our Shepherds fal'n from ancient days!
No! *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays!

From her no liſt'ning Ecchos learn to ſing,
Nor with his Reed the jocund Valleys ring.
Here Sheep the Paſture hide, there Harveſt bend,
See *Sarum*'s Steeple o'er yon Hill aſcend;
Our Horſes faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen Stomachs know the Hour to eat.
Who can forſake thy Walls, and not admire
The proud Cathedral, and the lofty Spire.
What Sempſtreſs has not prov'd thy Sciſſars good?
From hence firſt came th' intriguing Ridinghood.
Amid * three Boarding-Schools well ſtock'd with (Miſſes,
Shall three Knights Errants ſtarve for want of kiſſes?

O'er

* There are three Boarding-Schools in this Town.

O'er the green Turf the Miles ride swift away,
And *Blandford* ends the labours of the day.
The Morning rose, the Supper Reck'ning paid,
And our due Fees discharg'd to Man and Maid,
The ready Ostler near the Stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our Half-pence load his Hands.

Now the steep Hill fair *Dorchester* o'erlooks,
Border'd by Meads, and wash'd by silver Brooks.
Here sleep my two Companions Eyes suppress,
And propt in Elbow Chairs they snoaring rest;
I wakeful sit, and with my Pencil trace
Their painful Postures, and their Eyeless Face;

Then

Then dedicate each Glaſs to ſome fair Name;
And on the Sash the Diamond ſcrawls my Flame.
Now o'er true *Roman* way our Horſes ſound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiſs the ſacred Ground;
On either ſide low fertile Valleys lye,
The diſtant proſpects tire the trav'ling Eye.
Through *Bridport*'s ſtony Lanes our rout we take,
And the proud ſteep deſcend to *Morcombe*'s Lake.
As Hearſes paſs'd, our Landlord robb'd the Pall,
And with the mournful Scutcheon hung his Hall.
On unadulterate Wine we here regale,
And ſtrip the Lobſter of his ſcarlet Mail.

We

We climb'd the Hills, when ſtarry Night aroſe,
And *Axminſter* affords a kind repoſe.

The Maid, ſubdu'd by Fees, her Trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly Aid of Dowlas Smocks.

Mean time our Shirts her buſy Fingers rub,
While the Soap lathers o'er the foaming Tub.

If Women's Geer ſuch pleaſing Dreams incite,
Lend us your Smocks, ye Damſels, ev'ry Night!

We riſe; our Beards demand the Barber's art;
A Female enters, and performs the part.

The weighty golden Chain adorns her Neck,
And three gold Rings her ſkilful Hand bedeck:

Smooth o'er our Chin her eaſy Fingers move,
Soft as when *Venus* ſtroak'd the Beard of *Jove*.

Now from the ſteep, midſt ſcatter'd Cotts and (Groves,
Our Eye through *Honiton*'s fair Valley roves.
Behind us ſoon the buſy Town we leave,
Where fineſt Lace induſtrious Laſſes weave.
Now ſwelling Clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our Hats, and ſmoak'd along the (Road;
When (O bleſt ſight!) a friendly Sign we ſpy'd,
Our Spurs are ſlacken'd from the Horſes ſide;
For ſure a civil Hoſt the Houſe commands,
Upon whoſe Sign this courteous Motto ſtands.

This is the ancient Hand, and eke the Pen,

Here is for Horses Hay, and Meat for Men.

How Rhyme would flourish, did each Son of Fame

Know his own Genius, and direct his Flame!

Then he, that could not Epic Flights rehearse,

Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac Verse.

But were his Muse for Elegy unfit,

Perhaps a Distich might not strain his Wit;

If Epigram offend, his harmless Lines

Might in gold Letters swing on Ale-house signs.

Then *Hobbinol* might propagate his Bays,

And *Tuttle-fields* record his simple Lays.

Where

Where Rhymes like theſe might lure the Nurſes (Eyes;
While gaping Infants ſquawl for farthing Pies.
Treat here, ye Shepherds blithe, your Damſels ſweet;
For Pies and Cheeſecakes are for Damſels meet.
Then *Maurus* in his proper Sphere might ſhine;
And theſe proud numbers grace great *William*'s ſign.
* *This is the Man, this the* Naſſovian, *whom*
I nam'd the brave Deliverer to come.
But now the driving Gales ſuſpend the Rain;
We mount our Steeds, and *Devon*'s City gain.
Hail, happy native Land! — But I forbear,
What other Counties muſt with envy hear.

* Prince Arthur, *Book* 3.

(Eyes,
Where Rhymes like theirs might lure the Nurles
While gaping Infants fquawl for farthing Pies.
Treat here, ye Shepherds blithe, your Damfels fweet,
For Pies and Cheefecakes are for Damfels meet.
Then Muſes in his proper Sphere might ſhine,
And their proud numbers grace great William's Sign.
* This is the Man, this the Nafſovian, whom
Ivam'd the brave Deliverer to come.
But now the driving Gales lufpend the Rain,
We mount our Steeds, and Devon's City gain.
Hail, happy native Land! — But I forbear,
What other Counties muſt with envy hear.

---

* Palace Farham, Book 2.

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AN EPISTLE TO A LADY,

Occasion'd by the Arrival of Her Royal Highness.

MADAM, to all your Censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ:
You told me, Silence would be thought a Crime,
And kindly strove to teaze me into Rhyme:

No

No more let trifling Themes your Muſe employ,
Nor laviſh Verſe to paint a female Toy;
No more on Plains with rural Damſels ſport,
But ſing the Glories of the *Britiſh* Court.

By your Commands and Inclination ſway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muſes to my Aid;
Reſolv'd to write, the noble Theme I choſe,
And to the Princeſs thus the Poem roſe.

Aid me, bright Phœbus; *aid, ye Sacred Nine;*
Exalt my Genius, and my Verſe refine.
My Strains with Carolina's *Name I grace,*
The Lovely Parent of our Royal Race.

Breathe

Breathe soft, ye Winds, ye Waves in silence sleep;
Let prosp'rous Breezes wanton o'er the Deep,
Swell the white Sails, and with the Streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the watry Way.

Here I to *Neptune* form'd a pompous Pray'r,
To rein the Winds, and guard the Royal Fair;
Bid the blue *Triton* sound their twisted Shells,
And call'd the *Nereids* from their pearly Cells.

Thus my warm Zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no Method to conduct her Song;
I then resolv'd some Model to pursue,
Perus'd *French* Criticks, and began anew.

Long

Long open Panegyrick drags at best,
And Praise is only Praise when well address'd.
Strait, *Horace* for some lucky Ode I sought:
And all along I trac'd him Thought by Thought:
This new Performance to a Friend I show'd;
For shame, says he, what, imitate an Ode!
I'd rather Ballads write, and *Grubstreet* Lays,
Than pillage *Cæsar* for my Patron's Praise.
One common Fate all Imitators share,
To have Mince-Pyes, and cap the Grocer's Ware.
Vex'd at the Charge, I to the flames commit
(Wit;
Rhymes, Similies, Lord's Names, and Ends of

In

In blotted Stanza's Scraps of Odes expire,
And Fuſtian mounts in Pyramids of Fire.

Ladies, to you I next inſcrib'd my Lay,
And writ a Letter in familiar Way:
For ſtill impatient till the Princeſs came,
You from Deſcription wiſh'd to know the Dame.
Each Day my pleaſing Labour larger grew,
For ſtill new Graces open'd to my View.
Twelve Lines ran on to introduce the Theme,
And then I thus purſu'd the growing Scheme.

Beauty and Wit were ſure by Nature join'd,
And Charms are Emanations of the Mind;

The

The Soul transpiercing through the shining Frame,
Forms all the Graces of the Princely Dame;
Benevolence her Conversation guides,
Smiles on her Cheek, and in her Eye resides.
Such Harmony upon her Tongue is found,
As softens English to Italian Sound;
Yet in those Sounds such Sentiments appear,
As charm the Judgment, while they sooth the Ear.
Religion's chearful Flame her Bosom warms,
Calms all her Hours, and brightens all her Charms.
Henceforth, ye Fair, at Chappel mind your Pray'rs,
Nor catch your Lovers Eyes with artful Airs;

Re-

Restrain your Looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
Nor most devoutly criticize on Dress.

From Her form all your Characters of Life,
The tender Mother, and the faithful Wife.
Oft have I seen her little Infant Train,
The lovely Promise of a future Reign;
Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning Grace,
And all the Mother op'ning in their Face:
The Son shall add new Honours to the Line,
And early with Paternal Virtues shine.
When he the Tale of Audenard *repeats,*
His little Heart with Emulation beats;

With

With Conquests yet to come his Bosom glows,
He dreams of Triumphs and of vanquish'd Foes,
Each Year with Arts shall store his rip'ning Brain,
And from his Grandsire he shall learn to reign.

Thus far I'd gone: The Wind with prolp'rous (Gales,
Now bids the Sailor hoist the swelling Sails.
Fair *Carolina* lands; the Cannon's Sound
White *Albion*'s Cliffs from shore to shore rebound.
Behold the bright Original appear,
All Praise is faint when *Carolina*'s near.
Thus to the Nation's Joy, but Poet's Cost,
The Princess came, and my new Plan was lost.

Since

Since all my Schemes were baulk'd, my last Re-
sort,
I left the Mules to frequent the Court;
Pensive each Night, from Room to Room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Enquir'd what News, or such a Lady's Name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd *Gay*.
I ask'd a Friend what Method to pursue;
He cry'd, I want a Place as well as you.
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ:
A Poet owes his Fortune to his Wit.

Strait

Strait I reply'd, With what a courtly Grace,
Flows easy Verse from him that has a Place!
Had *Virgil* ne'er at Court improv'd his Strains,
He still had sung of Flocks and homely Swains;
And had not *Horace* sweet Preferment found,
The *Roman* Lyre had never learnt to sound.
Once Ladies fair in homely Guise I sung,
And with their Names wild Woods and Mountains rung;
Oh, teach me now to strike a softer Strain!
The Court refines the Language of the Plain.
You must, cries one, the Ministry rehearse,
And with each Patriot's Name prolong your Verse.

But

But ſure this Truth to Poets ſhould be known,
That praiſing all alike, is praiſing none.

Another told me, if I wiſh'd Succeſs,
To ſome diſtinguiſh'd Lord I muſt addreſs;
One whoſe high Virtues ſpeak his noble Blood,
One always zealous for his Country's Good;
Where Valour and ſtrong Eloquence unite,
In Council cautious, reſolute in Fight;
Whoſe gen'rous Temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the Man that wants a Friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron ſhown;
But I, alas! am to *Argyle* unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
That Writing was my Method to ſucceed;
But now Preferments ſo poſſeſs'd my Brain,
That ſcarce I could produce a ſingle Strain:
Indeed I ſometimes hammer'd out a Line,
Without Connection as without Deſign.
One Morn upon the Princeſs this I writ,
An Epigram that boaſts more Truth than Wit.

The Pomp of Titles eaſy Faith might ſhake,
She ſcorn'd an Empire for Religion's ſake:
For this, on Earth, the Britiſh Crown is giv'n,
And an Immortal Crown decreed in Heav'n.

Again;

(Thought,
Again, while *GEORGE*'s Virtues rais'd my
The following Lines prophetick Fancy wrought.

Methinks I ſee ſome Bard, whoſe heav'nly Rage
Shall riſe in Song, and warm a future Age;

Look back through Time, and, rapt in wonder, trace
The glorious Series of the Brunſwick *Race.*

(*deſcend,*
From the firſt GEORGE *theſe Godlike Kings*
A Line which only with the World ſhall end.

The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in Arms,
And bleſs'd, long bleſs'd in Carolina's *Charms;*

From

From These the rest. 'Tis thus secure in Peace,

We plow the Fields, and reap the Year's Increase:
Now Commerce, *wealthy Goddess, rears her Head,*
And bids Britannia's *Fleets their Canvas spread;*

Unnumber'd Ships the peopled Ocean hide,
And Wealth returns with each revolving Tide,

Here paus'd the sullen Muse, in haste I dress'd,
(press'd;
And through the Croud of needy Courtiers
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see,

Those Eyes that glad a Nation, shine on me.

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